

Title: Journal of Grimmoch

Author: Grimmoch Drummel

Day Fourteen - Day

Sixteen

We are lost ... we are
lost ... all is lost. The
dead are piled up at my
feet. Bergen and I
managed somehow in the
madness to piece together
a barricade, barring
access to the camp
antechamber. He knows as
well as I that we cannot
hold it forever. The dead
come. They took Lysander
before our eyes. I pity
the soul of even such a
madman - no one should
die in such a manner. And
yet so many have. We're
trapped in this horror.
So many have died, and
for what? What curse
have we stumbled upon? I
cannot bear it, the